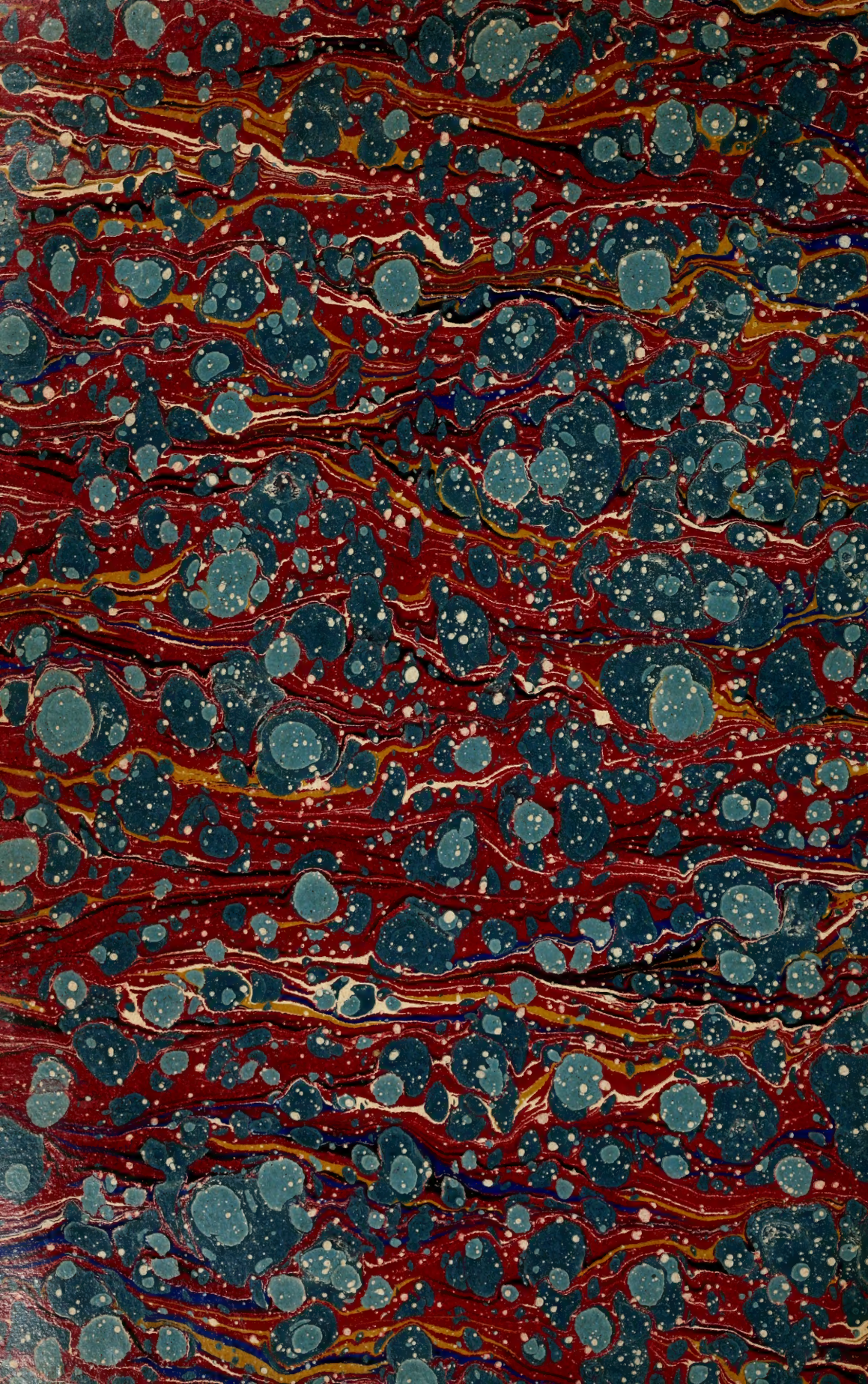

P
LE
O

The Onlooker

A Literary Journal of Independent Critical Opinion on Public Affairs

Vol. I—No. 6 TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1920 Price—20c.

Not Party & The People

Contents

A Contrast.

The Invasion of American Literary Slush.

Statism and Individualism.

Causes of Irish Unrest.

"These Having Died are Not Dead."

Creating a Bogeyman to Order.

ONLOOKER PUBLISHING COMPANY
14 SHEPPARD STREET
TORONTO

NOT PARTY **THE ONLOOKER** *THE PEOPLE*

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, Editor

A Literary Journal of Independent Critical Opinion on Public Affairs

Vol. 1—No. 6 TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1920 Price—20 Cents

A CONTRAST

THE people of Ontario, and particularly the loyal citizens of Toronto, may as well understand that *The Toronto Daily Star* has definitely espoused the cause of the Hon. Mackenzie King. *The Globe* is still halting between two opinions, hoping against hope that the incubus—forced upon the Liberal party (or what is left of it) by the Young Quebec Nationalists, to the humiliation of all the Liberal premiers, who had decided on Mr. Fielding—may be relieved by the recognition on the part of the young man himself of his complete and utter failure as a leader. For that he has been a humiliating failure is beyond question. All that he has to offer is abuse and wild, reckless charges against men so far removed above him as to render comparison ridiculous. He may be dismissed in one phrase: "Weighed and found wanting." No one knows this better than Mr. Lapointe, who evoked him from obscurity, and who is now edging towards the Hon. George Graham. It is a pretty situation, and not over-comfortable for *The Globe*. It should have waited a little while longer before making Clubs trumps. So far as the temporary leader of the Lapointe brand of Liberalism is concerned *The Star* has taken the plunge definitely. The slightest trivial doings of its hero—as, for example, his dancing with the maidens of North York—are religiously chronicled. In the editorial page it is sought to prove that the National Government (Quebec cannot claim this noble word unless and until it become a separate nation, and that, please God! shall never be) is opposed to progress and social justice, and, generally speaking, is belated and behind the times. This contention is, of course, false (as is the designation of the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen as a Tory), and but the expression of a reasoned policy of political chicanery; but it is all that presents itself to the incredibly small and unpatriotic minds that control the policies of the organ in question.

What is of importance to remember is, that *The Star* has crossed the Rubicon, and has thrown in its lot with the wreckers of National Unity. What it hopes to get out of the situation is hard to see; but as its settled policy has been, and is, to fan excitement and keep the pot of social unrest boiling, its management no doubt hopes for the usual reward—increased circulation and fatter dividends.

The bland assumption of this organ that it has a monopoly of social justice is laughable. One would imagine that the paid official

who grinds out its heavy and uninteresting editorials would at least pause to remember that generalization on social topics is precisely the easiest thing in the world. To work the pump of universal sympathy is a favorite trick of the demagogue and the yellow papers. The most infamous press in the world, owned by a many-times millionaire of scandalous reputation, sobs in every issue over the poor and unfortunate and relieves them (in well advertised selected instances) by luring hard cash from the general public, taking all the credit. It is, however, a much harder thing to throw the white light of Truth on any of the vexed problems of the age. We will give an example culled from *The Star's* own columns and discuss it in the next paragraph.

At Stouffville, the man *who is now* bleeding with sympathy for the returned soldier was asked as to his attitude towards Labor; and his response revealed the utter shallowness of his point of view. He replied that, he was "in favor of labor electing one or two members to act as directors in shaping the broad policies of the National Industries of the country." A more fatuous remark was never made on the subject. It is a classic of buncombe. It reveals, as in a flash, the emptiness and insincerity of this cheap politician's soul. In Heaven's name what can the words mean? The "broad policies" of a business are usually shaped by the men who have created and *who own* a business. It is for the farmer who owns his farm to decide on the character of the crop, not the hired man. What have the manual workers to do with broad policies? Their business is to give an honest day's work for a compensation previously agreed upon; fulfil their honorable contract, in short, and leave to highly trained technical experts the ticklish and dangerous business of shaping "broad policies." Where would such a mad procedure leave any business? In the ditch!

Take the phrase "the national industries of the country." It sounds big, does it not? That word "National" seems to give it great dignity. But it is a mere piling up of verbose flights of stairs. It is like "the blessed sound of that word Mesopotamia." It has about as much substance as "The Wind," which, Jeremiah assures us, "the wild ass snuffeth up." Business is always of an individual or a group of individuals; is always local as to its central management. *The Star*, for example, is not National (thank God!) It is local—very much so. *The University Magazine*, on the contrary, may be described as National, because it is edited *con amore* by a noble-hearted gentleman by the name of MacPhail, who endeavors to deal with literature and life in a broad cosmopolitan spirit. But it has a local *habitat*—Montreal.

We presume that Mr. King would admit that lumbering is a National Industry, and a very important one at that. We will apply his pretty theory in this field. Labor here is of a special kind:

a good axe-man may be quite an artist in his way. The work is healthy; the workers vigorous and well-fed; the occupation seasonal. The bulk of the "lumber jacks" are French-Canadians, who love the life for its freedom and excitement and the charm of the woods. They are not conspicuous for intellectual ability, and, as a rule, their education is not, to put it mildly, advanced. Of the big outside world and of business, in the modern sense, they have had no experience whatever. Yet we are seriously asked to acquiesce in a new theory of economics which would put these simple-minded laborers in a position to shape the "broad policies" of concerns whose capitalization, in the aggregate, runs into tens of millions! And this man poses as an expert in economics. The tail is to wag the dog! Inexperience is to sit in the seat of power! Ignorance is to be allowed to interfere in the management of every concern in Canada, and presumably, the Government is to take part officially in wrecking those industries which it has taken our great business men years to build up and which depend for their continuance on expert management!

But when Mr. Mackenzie King made that statement he knew that he was uttering a piece of mischievous nonsense. We pity the poor dupes, if there were any, who were caught by this sort of chaff. Short of government control of every business in the country the scheme could not be made to work. No business man would for a moment tolerate such madness. To have Labor interfering in the management, backed up in its pretensions by the Government itself, would be the end of our free civilization. It would be Bolshevism.

But, of course, Mr. Mackenzie King was purposely vague as all such politicians as he are. He did not even give a concrete example. Like all of his shallow breed he escaped out of his dilemma in a cloud of words. In other words, he side-stepped. Yet he is supposed to have had some experience of "Big Business," on its professional, philanthropic side at least—The Standard Oil. He simply mouthed a swelling phrase, careless and indifferent as to its effect on ill-instructed minds, so long as he got cheap applause. We await with lively expectation the appointment by *The Star* of its two new directors, who are to be elected by the employees to shape the "broad policies" of the management. The shareholders may have something to say as to this.

But this is not the limit. At the conclusion of his speech he was asked as to his attitude towards the returned soldier. By whom? A returned soldier? Who acted as chorus? Was the farce all prearranged, as the present retracing of the steps of a cowardly fugitive seem to have been? Why was not he asked to explain, not his attitude *to the returned soldier*, but to the soldier who went forth to fight for Freedom and Empire when the first shot

was fired? The soldier who actually went to war has a private crow to pluck with Mr. Mackenzie King, and with those pusillanimous recreants who did their best to embarrass and degrade Canada at a time when the whole fate of Civilization was hanging in the balance.

The humbug which is being put forward now is that in opposing Conscription they were moved by noble motives. Were they? We will examine them on their own grounds and prove that they were not. The mask of hypocrisy will be torn off and the cheat revealed.

When the war broke out, Canada, in common with England, was wedded to the principle of voluntary enlistment. For the first two years it worked magnificently; and had the war ended victoriously in 1916 Conscription would not have been so much as mentioned. At the close of 1916 Voluntary Enlistment had not exactly broken down, but it is a sad fact that it was very near it. The incredible river of gold that flowed towards us in a continually augmenting stream; the fabulous wages paid to unskilled labor; the gigantic profits made by capital, had an unmistakably evil effect on the moral nature of the people. In the case of tens of thousands the first ardors of patriotism grew dim and clouded. The old fable of Danaë was repeated, and the fable of Midas too. There came a day when it was clearly seen that the system of Voluntary Enlistment had utterly broken down. It broke down in England. The United States, learning wisdom from our mistakes, put Conscription in force *the very day war was declared.* Canada was crucified on a cross of theory, and other nations, shamefully belated in responding to the appeal of chivalry, were redeemed by her sufferings. The point is that Voluntary Enlistment did break down. There came a time when those who undertook the task of exhorting the laggards and shirkers to join up faced small audiences of women and boys; and this in loyal Toronto even! These are undeniable facts.

And now we will put our question to the admirers of Mr. Mackenzie King. Why, if this gentleman believed in Voluntary Enlistment, did not he return to his native land and go on the platform and advocate the theory so dear to his heart? Why, when the deepest conviction of his soul was in danger, did not he sound the clarion of his eloquence? Why did not the desperate upholders of an immaculate theory go forth through all the land calling upon the nobly free to go to the aid of the hundreds of thousands of the very flower of Canada who were fighting and dying in the trenches? Answer this question, Mr. Mackenzie King, before you undertake to say what *your* attitude towards the *returned* soldier is! Answer it—if you can!

The returned soldier, not yet recovered from the effects of what he went through, with his incommunicable memories cares, you

may be sure, just nothing and less than nothing what *your* attitude towards *him* may be. Nor does he need to be admonished from *your* lips about the danger of becoming an object of charity. He remembers only that, when he was in the trenches, covered with mud and blood and vermin, crying in the night season in pure agony of soul "How long, Oh Lord, how long?" you had the supreme audacity to return to your native land, as your ancestor once returned (not to aid it but to destroy it), and that by opposing Conscription you showed your true attitude towards the soldier, towards Britain, towards Canada and towards those high and glorious qualities of manhood which alone make life worth while. You imagine in your incredible conceit that a nation whose name now shines resplendent in the history of heroism is repentant for having rejected you, and is eager to take you and a motley host of malcontents to its heart of hearts. You are mistaken, Sir. The men who saved Canada will save her in this transition of sore trial. In almost every house there is the face of a dead man or boy or nurse. You will be defeated by the dead; by the dead to whom you were not faithful in the hour of your country's bitterest need. At this writing you are engaged in contemplating the various stopping-places (followed by a reporter and a photographer) of your grandfather who, after he had by his mad and unreasoned violence and conceit caused the death of loyal gentlemen, whose shoes' latchets he was unworthy to unloose, fled to the United States an attainted rebel. Had he departed for ever it had been well, but he gathered about him a mad rabble of American hoodlums and filibusters from the slums of Buffalo, and, seizing Navy Island, endeavored to throw Upper Canada into the throes of Civil War. Two of his dupes, Matthews and Lount, were hung. They, at any rate, stood their ground. For this he is honored by a small class of people too ignorant to understand the significance of unnecessary violence in effecting reform in a land of constitutional freedom, or too lazy to investigate the facts of history. Because of his reputation as a disturber of civil concord you hope, by pursuing similar tactics in the realm of present political unrest, to gain what you should be ashamed to aspire to.

There was another rebel at that time—a man named Papineau. With him we need have no concern whatever. What he attempted came to ashes and dust; but he had this in his favor: he was of French extraction, and, with all his faults, and they were many, had a passionate devotion to his own Province. We are concerned just now, however, with the action of a descendant—Major Talbot Mercer Papineau of glorious memory. It was reserved for this gallant and heroic youth to reveal that a policy of justice and moderation in time heals all wounds. Whatever violence and ill-feeling

the older Papineau may have caused, his descendant made full atonement for in a death glorious in its finality and completeness. Here is the simple record taken from the official archives:—

"Lieut. Talbot Mercer Papineau was a member of the original Princess Patricias, joined up in August, 1914, and served continuously with his regiment until Oct. 30th, 1917, when he was killed in action. At the time of his death he held the rank of Major, and had been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry at St. Eloi on Feb. 28th, 1915, when, in charge of bomb throwers during attack on enemy trenches, he shot two of the enemy himself, and then ran along the German Sap throwing bombs therein. He was thirty-one years of age when he enlisted."

"But these, our brothers fought for her;
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness,
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do."

These immortal words of Lowell do not apply to you, Sir; they do to Major Papineau—like yourself, the grandson of a rebel.

THE INVASION OF AMERICAN LITERARY SLUSH

THERE are more ways than one for a nation to lose its soul. It may be debauched by proximity to a coarser, wealthier and stronger rival, and, in the race for trade and luxury, forget a stern and heroic past. The smaller and nobler races of Europe—Holland, Switzerland, Sweden, Belgium—even before the war—were rapidly succumbing to the dazzling materialism of Germany. German ideals of education, of science, of trade, of politics and arms were in the ascendant in all these lands prior to 1914, and rapidly growing. Had the heads of the German Confederacy let well enough alone, in another decade or so they would have completely isolated France; for Italy, the mother of our Western civilization, was rapidly falling a prey to the Teutonic theory of life.

And it is the theory of life that counts in the long run. A truly Germanized Italy would never have fought against the Kaiser. The horrible uniformity sought would have been complete, and a theory of *Welt-politik*, based on the rankest materialism, would have overcome the last aspiration towards rational freedom. The beehive might then have stood as the symbol of man's last intention—death for the drones; busy toil, amorousness and honey for the warriors—"The rounded catalogue, divine, complete!"

Then again, a nation may lose its soul by persistently relegating to the background the everlasting and fundamental principles of life and living on a superficial plane. National opportunism may easily be as dangerous as the penetration of alien ideals; indeed, more dangerous. Here the evil is of the situation. The danger, in fact, is internal rot, the outcome of a careless espousal of the line of least resistance. Young nations endowed with vast national wealth and consciously on the edge of stupendous material developments are peculiarly liable to this temptation and danger. The material, and all that it stands for, comes in time to overshadow the soul. Men begin talking, even of Religion, in business terms. It is sought to hasten the work of the Holy Spirit by advertising. Piety is cashed in. They speak of "booming" the church; putting it "before the Public"; and, in their besotted short-sightedness and absence of all true spiritual vision, would put the tender intimacies of the heart as on a par with a patent medicine. In time, education, science, and even what passes for literature, take on the prevailing hue—yellow. The standard becomes, not," Is it right?" but, "Will it pay?"; and those belated idealists who lift warning voices are respected, to be sure, but ignored. It is assumed that solid values are financial values exclusively, and finally, the point is reached where the word "failure" comes to mean, not the loss of honor, tenderness, virtue and the capacity for unselfish service of mankind, but financial bankruptcy. The only real bankruptcy, of course, is bankruptcy of character.

Now, there is this to be said for the coarse aggressiveness of the German, that it did result in a *renaissance* of a kind in Europe. The brutal, honest belief or conceit (root-meaning) of the Teuton that he represented the last and highest form of Culture was not without a revivifying effect on his backward neighbors. He had an ideal, in a way. To men of English traditions it was a very detestable ideal, not much different from the uniformity of Hell; but, as he held it, it was not only an ideal, but it actually excluded all other ideals.

Briefly, it may be said that the modern German believed that pure, naked, scientific force lay at the base of all modern effort, and that subjective idealism (the New Testament, for example) had had its day and but encumbered the man-child in his progress towards the only Heaven attainable—the absolutely efficient Nation, in the material perfection of which, each unit was to find designated work, food, shelter, security, wealth, and an amount of recreation and happiness compatible with the maintenance of the whole nation at its efficient best—and no more.

The Kaiser (or rather the head of the house of Hohenzollern) and his satellites, on this theory, representing scientific force in its ultimate resolution, became as God and His angels. As the German

folk were unquestionably the most scientific and efficient of all existing stocks, *ergo*, "*Deutschland über alles*" became the slogan of the whole race. These men had all the wild zeal of the early apostles. Having jettisoned the whole cargo of inherited ideals they became simply unmoral. Nothing in the form of conscience deterred them from the pursuit of their ends. Liberty, justice, honor, sacrifice, faith, were but obsolete words that represented obsolete things. A new freedom had arrived—the right to lie, to rob, to rape, to terrify, to murder; to do anything and everything, in short, that would result in placing the German people, or the scientific aristocrats of the new dispensation, in a position to dominate the world. Of course, it was madness; but is not all desire to dominate madness? Is not Prussianism a spirit? "He who is greatest among you let him be the servant of all." Why? Because he has the most to give—an overplus—and in order to complete his being, *i.e.*, achieve happiness, must observe the law of *noblesse oblige*.

Now, this was a dangerous doctrine; not so much because of the brutal consequences that were bound to ensue, as because of its alluringness to the common man. It appealed to and gave sanction (and high scientific sanction at that) to the primitive desire to rule, which is latent in each one of us, and is only restrained by a will transcending the flesh. It was Bolshevism inverted. The Bolshevist begins with animal desire; the German began with the head. Both are the spawn of animal license, and both lead to the same end—monotony, despair, madness. Sooner than acquiesce in either theory the race of civilized men is prepared to die. But let us not make a mistake or go too fast. The result of this primitive ardor, this obsession, was a sudden re-creation of interest in this life on the part of nations that had fallen asleep and were possessed of but a verbal faith. They did not, to be sure, see where it all led; but they gladly accepted it as a new vision. It made the appeal direct to the animal man. To say that Holland, Italy and Sweden did not fall almost completely under the spell of the modern scientific *Lorelei* is to be blind to the drift of modern tendencies in Europe of recent years. The freedom offered was the absence of all restraint and the scientific justification of the anarchic indulgence of desire as an obligation laid upon man by Nature herself. It is an always present danger. Continued faith in divine ideals can alone hold it in check. Let the Church succumb to commercialism and night will fall upon the world. We need a race of great spiritual interpreters of the order of Thomas Hill Green and Caird, and of great preachers of the type of Robertson of Brighton.

The danger threatening Europe was, and—make no mistake about it!—*is*, Teutonism;—the danger to Canada is Americanism—not Americanism at its best but at its very worst. Of America at its best we have nothing but good to say. We are in danger of losing

our national soul without even a decent fight in its defence. The average American has nothing to offer us that we haven't already got. He is swayed by no great philosophy, has produced none; is lean in originality, superficial and excitable in politics, but repeats (as do we) the creeds he brought with him from overseas, and is the victim of a reckless optimism, which, when we consider the nature of the problems that are up for solution in that land, is appalling. He lives and moves and has his being in business. Everything is business. He manufactures literature, for example, like soap. No "still, small voice" for him; no "pearl of a perfect expression." He is after "Best Sellers." Immediate success, if only for a week, a day, is the ideal. He advertises—magnificently, opulently—*because it pays.* How does all this affect us as a nation? In this way: we are literally inundated with American slush. We buy the worst that America has to offer. *Harpers, Scribners, The Century, The Atlantic,* languish on our book-stalls, as alas! they are beginning to languish on American book-stalls. It is not only that the bulk of our trashy novels come from that quarter, and the bulk of our magazines and weeklies, but even their daily, and, more especially, their weekly papers are spread abroad in the land. Hearst has a large following, and we allow him to spread his poison. A stranger coming to these shores and living at hotels and on trains might easily come to the conclusion that we had no national identity, and were but a race of intellectual Cretans. We are asked to admire American beauties whom we shall never meet; to take an interest in cheap local politicians and all their sordid doings whose commonplace lives have not even a glimmer of human interest; to gloat over the libidinous details of personal scandals; to concern ourselves with what is as remote as Mars. In the name of Heaven, why? Do they reciprocate? Never! Only when some fool hints at separation from Great Britain do they prick up their ears. That interests them tremendously.

It does not help to be told that the Americans act in precisely the same way towards England, and that their country is fairly deluged with the tittle-tattle of European life. We, who are of sound British stock, ought not to follow a bad and vulgar example. It is a crying shame that the people of Canada should annually waste millions on well advertised trash—there is no other word that will apply—and allow themselves to stand before the world in the position of a Nation that is apparently incapable of producing, or supporting, a robust literature of its own. The tragedy is that the stuff we buy and read so carelessly leaves us neither wiser nor better. It emasculates. There is not in the United States, nor has there ever been, a magazine that for vivid interest and charm and remarkably beautiful English can compare with *Blackwoods;* yet its circulation in this country is insignificant. And so

with all the other great British monthlies. What is needed in Canada is an organ devoted to large Imperial interests. We are of those who believe that if the British Empire, as at present constituted, were shattered into fragments the end of civilization would not be far off. No nobler end could be conceived than to bring into close touch with each other by means of the printed page the great souls, widely scattered throughout the world, in whose control is vested the carrying on of the traditions of our race. We need an organ of Imperial expression to voice the loftiest ideals of the Empire.

If we are ever conquered by the American spirit it will be by that spirit in its cheapest, nastiest and most trivial manifestation. The Teutonic spirit, which all but enslaved Europe, was violent, headstrong and selfish, but it was stimulating—even if it only aroused the latent devil in mankind; but the make-believe sensationalism; the cinema-madness; the shallow, libellous gossip; the counterfeit illustrations; the cartoons, ghastly in their sameness; the crazy-quilt speculations; the snippets of information (better got from a good encyclopedia); the dreary dime-novel, picaroon, fake-adventure short story that young Canadians are being fed upon can only have the effect of destroying all thought and originality and reducing us to a mere echo of the least original nation upon earth. It is time for Canada to stop boasting about being a nation, and to ask itself seriously if it has a soul and an ideal of its own. If it hasn't; if these publications exactly express what it stands for; if its intellectual life is limited by a purely commercial literature; then what right has it to boast of nationhood? If we are but the intellectual mendicants of the United States, content to accept back-kitchen hospitality, we are not a nation, because not possessed of a soul that we can call our own. No hybrid ever develops into a type. If we are conquered by present-day American literature, which is purely an advertising success, it will be the cheapest, the most sordid conquest ever made by one nation over another since the beginning of time. The very capacity for thinking on clear national lines is in danger of being lost, as the present chaotic condition of the country only too clearly reveals. If the paper-shortage should bankrupt nine-tenths of the publications we have in mind, *The Onlooker* is prepared to sing "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

We wish the people of the United States utterly well in working out their mighty destiny as one of the great free Nations of the earth; our hearts go out to those noble spirits, now clustered about *The National Security League*, who are engaged in fighting the forces of anarchy and disorder in that land; but this great country belongs to the descendants of those sturdy British pioneers who felled the forests, drained the swamps, held back the invader, created by their unconquerable faith the beloved Canada we know and

love—a goddess crowned with the icy diadem of the North—and we propose to keep it where it belongs—an inseparable part of the mightiest and freest confederacy the world has ever known—the British Empire.

STATISM AND INDIVIDUALISM

By Prof. John Squair

I.

MODERN men must realize that although government has been often disappointing, it is necessary. The harm is done when it constitutes too great an encroachment on the activities of individual men. The temptation to encroach on the individual is very strong and full of danger to mankind as a whole. Whatever tends to weaken personal initiative cuts at the root of the productive progressiveness of the race. An excessively paternal form of government tends to smother ambitious effort. If all our actions were controlled by a central authority there is little doubt that what we call improvement would be greatly diminished—would perhaps disappear altogether. It is significant that many Socialists now express the belief that the extension of State control to industry would greatly diminish the output. But they console themselves with the idea that the diminution of the output would be a great blessing for the world.

Such might indeed be the case. But there is also the danger that the decrease of production might be great enough to involve the destruction of civilization itself. For obviously the margin is not very wide. The economic situation of the world after four years of war has surely made it plain to all who are willing to see that even after a long period of material prosperity, such as the world had between, say, 1870 and 1914, the savings of humanity are at any period speedily exhaustible. Men live practically, even in time of peace, from hand to mouth, and civilization is made possible because of the margin, narrow withal, which lies between production and consumption. There is no large fund of savings to draw upon, and that little is all that lies between us and want, which, if sufficiently prolonged, would lead us to barbarism. Many have been living in a fairy land of economic illusion. And that is not surprising, for the opening up of new regions and the application of mechanical devices to production and transportation had so increased the world's output that men had acquired exaggerated ideas as to the productive capacities of the race. Some seem to have thought that the days of hard work and prudence were past. Optimistic eyes peering into the future saw a worker's day of two or three hours as sufficient for the material needs of the race. But that day has

not come yet. The amount of strenuous effort still demanded of the workers is great and will long remain one of the most important factors in the economy of human things.

The basis of all sound thinking in economics is the realization of the truth that the good things of life—the bread, clothing, fuel and shelter, which we all need—are all hard to get and hard to preserve; men and women must be astir to have them, and it is not likely that ever mere wheels, cogs and belts can become so efficient that human brains and hands can be relieved of stress in their acquisition. Beware of him who tells you the human race may have them for the picking up. Such a one is a dangerous person, who either is blind to facts or who is trying to mislead.

And yet this fancy is accepted by many minds, and becomes the root of other fancies, such, for instance, as the notion that commodities are always too dear and that the excessive price is due to producers and middlemen, who are able in some mysterious way to acquire their wares too cheap and sell them too dear whilst they suck the heart's blood of all those whom they employ. These are the minds who will not accept such self-evident notions, as, for instance, the validity of the law of supply and demand, and who believe that villainous cornering of markets is one of the commonest amusements of the business man. These are they who appeal to government to protect the innocent lambs who get closely shorn when attempting to shear others. They are the ones who clamor for commissions to investigate why other commissions previously appointed by the same government have not put a stop to the abominable practices of profiteering.

Some of these have even come to the conclusion that buying and selling for profit are sinful and must be suppressed by the State. Business seems to be for them a complex of diabolical practices, the natural occupation of thieves and swindlers. One may well ask himself why such views are held. Business practices may not be all they should be, still that part of humanity engaged in business will compare favorably with the politicians, the clergy or the educators. The successful business man must at least "play the game," and there is usually in that fact a stronger guarantee for uprightness and serviceability than is to be found in the eloquence of what might be called the talking professions.

The idea that the desire of gain is a wicked thing is false and foolish. It is just as legitimate to wish for profit when honest effort is expended as it is to wish for a good dinner after a good day's work. It is true that high-minded men curb these desires, knowing that all human qualities need to be moderated, but no wise person who understands what men are would think of eliminating such a deep-seated and widespread affection of the human mind. It is impossible to do, but even if it were possible it would be highly injurious to the race to remove such a powerful impetus to action.

We are told that we should put the desire to do social service in the place of the desire for profit. But there is no incompatibility between the two. The person who is making honest effort for the love of profit in legitimate enterprise is quite as likely to be performing social service as the one who spends his life in what is called "uplift" of the race. It is impossible to be making, transporting and selling useful things to our fellows without doing them good. The man who raises a bushel of wheat or makes a pair of shoes for profit is a benefactor to the race; oftentimes a much surer benefactor than he who preaches a sermon or writes a book for the purposes of edification.

It is important that we should be clear in our thinking in regard to this point. Many a silly attempt to be useful to society would be avoided if people were only more sure that an honest occupation for profit is just as high and noble as any other form of human effort and less likely to become wasteful and fantastic. Let men stick close to profitable employment and be assured that in so doing they are performing good service to themselves and to others. The State which should attempt to prevent such action by the individual members of itself would soon find itself reduced to starvation and barbarism.

The settlement, however, of the dividing line between individual action and collective action has always been a difficult thing, and is likely to continue so. What are the things which the State can best do, and what the individual? Let us look a little into details.

Certain national functions are inevitable and no argument regarding them is necessary. If there is to be a State at all, peace must be kept internally and defence against exterior enemies must be maintained, and some internal and external means of communication must exist. That is, there must be soldiers, policemen, judges and roadmakers. These are all of very ancient origin, and there would be little dispute amongst men regarding them. But when we pass beyond these primary elements of the State there is much room for difference of opinion.

For instance, should religion be a State or a private affair? In the past it has been very commonly considered as one of the most important functions of the State (and is so still in many countries). To-day it tends to become a private matter. In many countries, as in Canada, it has become, at least in theory, wholly an affair of the individual conscience. Nevertheless religious and quasi-religious subjects do invade the field of public activity. Religious prejudice not infrequently guides the hand that marks the ballot and the tongue which frames policies. And it is curious to note that as the fervor of orthodoxy dies down it is sometimes replaced by the fervor of fussiness, to such an extent that the emphasis of piety is shifted from points like the Trinity or the Atone-

ment to those of Lord's Day Observance and Teetotalism. Many good people have substituted for zeal in soul-saving a strong desire to make addenda to the Decalogue and to give greater amplitude to the Criminal Code. In this, doubtless, there lies great danger both to individual liberty and to national peace and prosperity. Resistance to it will soon be recognized by many as a civic duty.

In a somewhat closely related department, viz., that of education, the tendency in most countries is towards a more complete assumption by the State of the work of educating the young. And yet it is growing clear to some that the State is performing this function rather poorly; the feeling prevails in some quarters that there are inherent weaknesses in State schools which probably can never be cured, the chief of which consist in the fact that schools are usually regarded as unreal things by those who have most to do with them, *i.e.*, by pupils and teachers.

It has also been remarked that there is some resemblance between the steam engine and the State-controlled educational system. In both there is an enormous waste of energy. The uniformity, which seems inevitable, in the preparation of teachers, in the making of school manuals, in the arrangement of schemes of study, and so on, tends to stifle enthusiasm in both teachers and pupils. Interest in a subject is crushed by the weight of regulations, prohibitions and admonitions issued by paternalistic Departments. And worst of all, student and teacher tend to regard the regularly measured snippets of truth contained in a school-book as all that there is to be learned about the vast mountains of human knowledge. Self-satisfied priggishness usurps the place of the desire to know.

And at the same time there are strong forces at work to widen very greatly the scope of the State-governed school. Many things which were once left to the care of the home, the farm and the shop are now being handed over to the school, partly, we are told, for the purpose of making the school more real. One should not be charged with being a pessimist if he has fears that the school may not be able to bear the new burdens which so-called progressive educationists desire to place on its shoulders. The day may come when true progress in education will be considered the synonym of simplification and not of complication, as is the case now.

The idea that the school is a microcosm in which all the activities of the great macrocosm outside shall be mimicked, may, if persisted in by enthusiasts, involve the destruction of all useful education. If every child at the age of entering school shall have to declare what profession he intends to pursue so that he may receive his proper vocational training, then will the system break down under the weight of inherent folly. But the good sense of plain people will perhaps intervene to prevent such exaggeration of madness, if in no other way than by the stoppage of supplies. State schools seem to be necessary, but they should be kept simple.

If we pass over some important services, more or less well done by municipalities and the nation, such as sanitation, supply of water, etc., we come to the one branch of national administration in modern times which may be considered as reasonably successful, *i.e.*, the Post-Office. And it is worth while to reflect on the success of this department, for therein we may catch a clue to guide us in the labyrinth of discussion in which we are engaged. The postal service is in its essentials a fairly simple one. It demands in officials no very great technical skill. It asks for orderliness, promptness and honesty, which fortunately are qualities which one may regard as possible to secure.

And it is dangerous to argue, as is sometimes done, that because the transportation of letters is well managed by the State, the carriage of freight in packages of all sizes plus the conveyance of living creatures through all kinds of distances may be equally well managed by a government office. It is true that such things are in many countries under State control, but usually there is much less unanimity of opinion as to the success of government management in their case than in the case of the Post-Office. In Canada our State management of railroads has not been a brilliant achievement, and yet we are on the point of adding an enormous mileage to our national railway system. It would not be a surprising thing if in no remote future we should have cause for profound regret that our Government ever became so deeply involved in such enterprises.

For be it observed that the functions of railways have been very much extended. They now comprise not only the transportation of passengers and freight comparatively short distances by land, but for long distances in alien countries, and by sea as well as land, including entertainment in vast hotels. The Minister of Railways will have charge of a large army of engineers, conductors, stevedores, waiters, cooks, stewards, sailors and so on, often perhaps alien, or if not such, all (male and female) having votes well organized to determine who the Minister himself is to be. The man who believes that this office will be successfully filled has more than a proper share of optimism in his constitution.

(*To be continued*)

CAUSES OF IRISH UNREST

THERE are certain races that seem destined to carry out to the last wild extreme of action, which is anarchy, whatever conclusion they may espouse as a good and desirable end. France has been called "The Christ of Nations," because more than any other people of modern times it has passed from discussion to revolution. Yet the French are a very conservative folk at bottom—logical and clear-visioned. Revolution in France has always had something beyond

it—something more logical, more stable, more, one might say, intellectual than the existing order. We should expect this, and have no right to expect anything else from the French intelligence. The French people, while capable of flaming moments, are devoted lovers of peace and enamored of the art of living. Anarchy they have experienced, to be sure—stark and utter—but deep down in his soul the French peasant longs for quietness and the sure, small results of thrift and toil. In no country in the world is fishing—always a good apostolic sign—such a simple passion of delight. The late Henry James in his "A Little Tour Through France" notes this peculiarity, and speaks almost affectionately of the citizen of Tours "angling on indefinite bait in an indifferent stream." The writer can recall the catching of a trout (weight ½ lb.) off the *Pont Napoléon* in the ancient capital of France and the excitement it caused. It seemed to him that the whole population flocked to the scene of triumph. A French mob has fangs, of course—what mob has not?—but they are rarely shown, and somehow, in the end, common sense prevails. France is like a well-constructed, scientifically-ballasted yacht. At times she leans dangerously to one side and we think all is lost; yet in an instant, the crisis is past and off she flies on an even keel once more. The Frenchman seems a blend of the Celt and the Jew. There is tremendous emotion, but shining through it, as the northern sun shines through a cathedral window, is intellect—trained, alert, logical, cold.

The Irishman is a Celt also, and there is plenty of intellect; but in his case it is not trained intelligence. Individual Irishmen there are, of course, who possess in abundance what might be termed modern sense; but taking the nation as a whole, logic is subordinate to feeling. In politics, *e.g.*, it is quite useless to argue with the average Irish partisan. You may marshal your facts and demonstrate your conclusions to a hair, but unless you touch his heart your labor will all be in vain. This is only to say what is a fact—that the Irish peasant is hopelessly unmodern. Wherever he goes he carries a ready-made, inherited stock of prejudices and hates, and is apparently incapable of getting rid of them. In new lands, the citizens of which do not care a rap for his racial obsessions and prejudices, he persists in "seeing red" and in erecting into a local political problem an aspiration, natural enough in Ireland, though deplorable, but totally out of place, for example, in the United States or Australia. He is unassimilable. That he has no right to drag people of another race and blood, with problems of their own, into the orbit of his hate never seems to occur to him. He persists in living as a separate entity—defiant, quarrelsome, aloof—and, in the end, through sheer pertinacity in sticking to his pet grievances, becomes a power that politicians are forced to consider. In Boston to-day—the largest Irish city in the world—Ireland and the woes of Ireland occupy, and have long occupied, the centre of the stage.

On stated occasions the green flag with the harp of gold is flown from the top of the State House. The Mannix episode is quite typical of what is going on, more or less, all the time. The Irish party in America would welcome a war with Britain to-morrow, and are continually conspiring to bring it to pass.

The aboriginal or native Irishman is a Celt, the basis of whose life is emotion and not intellect. Intellect when baulked of its end begins again the work of reconstruction, and learns wisdom through defeat; but frustrated emotion has but one end—hate. Had Ireland assimilated the *Renaissance* completely, as did France and England, or been transformed by the Reformation, like Northern Germany, her whole history would have been different. She was only lightly touched by these world-shattering movements, and is what she is—with all the weakness and strength that flow from isolation and what can only be described as a persistent tribal life. Whatever is Irish enflames her; yet there is no nation so completely indifferent to the problems and woes of other peoples. This self-absorption is the keynote of all her literature. The ravaging of Belgium—largely a Celtic and a Catholic country—left her cold. Her hatred of America at this hour is intense, because America went in on the side of the Allies, and did not defy England on her behalf and gain her a separate seat at The League of Nations. Her interest in France in the days of Napoleon had nothing to do with the aspirations of the French people for liberty. What she really cared for was the aid she expected from the Corsican. Her sympathies were on the side of Germany in the late war, not because she cared a farthing for Germany, but because she was fatuous and ignorant enough to believe that Germany would aid her against Britain out of pure chivalry. Selfish? Certainly! Did you ever know a narrow, isolated, self-centred person that was not selfish? Did you ever come across such a type that was not inclined to look upon a broad-minded man or woman, if not as a natural enemy, then as a plain fool?

Now there is this peculiarity about the Irish: no matter what the character of the literature may be, so it be on the subject of Ireland or deal with some phase of Irish life it is enthusiastically accepted. This is the key to many a dark puzzle. The vilest slander ever penned on Irish womanhood, the most blasting, mordant satire, cloaked in an art that is almost miraculous, ever written against the Roman Church was printed, acted and received by the Irish public with hardly a word of condemnation. *The Play Boy of the Western World* was never put upon the *Index Expurgatorius.* It ought to have been, for a cleverer piece of diabolism against the spirit of all religion was never penned. The mixture of piety and paganism in these writers seems to have shaken the hold of Rome over the Irish peasantry.

J. M. Synge is a satirist compared with whom Swift is mild, for the fact is Swift's bitterness is just inverted pity. A Protestant

and a son of the Manse, he early fell a victim to that scourge of Ireland, consumption, and spent his later years wandering about the west coast of the island, mingling freely with the peasantry.

Men under the shadow of this death are, as a rule, indifferent to the praise or censure of the world; especially if the progress of the disease be prolonged. Hopeless neurasthenics, like Shelley and Heine, arrive at the same attitude of scorn and indifference to ordinary values, though by another route. A certain fierce honesty seems to emerge. There is nobody to placate; nobody to really fear, because the worst has happened. Life has no further interest. The future is discounted. The author of *Queen Mab* sums up his experience of life in these lines:—

> "Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
> Nor peace within, nor calm around,
> Nor that content surpassing wealth
> The sage in meditation found,
> And walked with inward glory crowned—
> Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure;
> Others I see whom these surround—
> Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
> To me that cup has been dealt in another measure."

Alastor is the poetic history of a great personal disillusionment. Under the cruel shadow of complete disappointment Art becomes an ultimate expression, if not of the rounded truth, still of intense subjective convictions which are of supreme interest and value.

In contemplating the careers of such men as Shelley, Keats, Heine, Swift and Synge an immense pity must fill every soul. What these men gave the world was naked truth as they saw it unveiled in the fiery light of pain. Were they right, and is the final end of every creature tragedy?

Shelley, who thridded a fiercer Hell than Dante, because more profoundly subjective and, we will add, more spiritual, wrote also *Prometheus Unbound* and the immortal lines beginning, "He hath outsoared the shadow of our night." A paradox! To be sure. All the contradictions of human experience; all the antinomies of human thought met in Shelley—the supreme poet of all time. In his tremulous spirit extremes met and were actually suffered and endured. He is himself the sensitive plant of literature. Had he possessed the calm objectivity and serene intuitive wisdom of Shakespeare he would have been among the greatest of the sons of men. He stormed and gained peak after peak of rapture; but instead of beholding "God's awful rose of dawn" from the "loftiest summit far withdrawn," *from all but himself*, he saw only sorrow, futility and despair. His soul was a garden of Gethsemane in which Intellect and Heart strove for mastery, the agony of conflict ending only with death.

For ourselves, we are well content to hug the south wall of the Divine mercy, letting who will explore the darkness that seems to stretch to the Polar ice and eternal winter. It may all prove as the satirists and pessimists maintain; still, since there are "large, divine and comfortable words," let us cling to them! What a world it would be, if, after having cried, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me," the antistrophe, "Yet the Lord will command His lovingkindness in the day time" should die in the throat of the man-child! The Greek ideal of life as a perfect tragedy may suit those who are enamored of artistic annihilation for the whole human family, but there is an instinct in each individual that impels belief in a final good in consonance with our human desire for that completeness of being which is impossible of achievement in this life.

One of the most perfect expressions in modern literature of life as tragedy is Mr. Synge's tiny scene (it is no more than that) entitled "Riders From the Sea."

The riders are, of course, the terrible waves, hungry and remorseless, which snarl and gnaw on all the coasts of the world. Within a cottage, on the inconceivably wild and desolate west coast of Ireland, we have a small group of human beings, the central figure of which is an aged woman inured to sorrow and possessed of that strange second sight which enables the victim to pass, as it were, through the bitterness of death ere the grim figure emerge from the surrounding gloom. The atmosphere is tense and horrific. We are sure that the cottage is within easy reach of the sea, and that, at times, the wild spray must rattle in great drops against the tiny windows. Wind, fog, the rasp and roar of breakers on the sands and shingle, the pounding thud as the impact meets some bare granite wall, are all suggested—yet without words.

The old mother's reminiscences are all of tragedies that have happened—tragedies that are recounted with no bitterness, but in unemotional recital. The heart, long full to overflowing, has ceased to react. There is something impersonal and truly awful in this plain-song of woe. They have all gone, the bright lads of yesteryear—Michael and Paidrick and Murtagh. He, whom they confidently expect will emerge safe from the tempest, his eyes shining, dashing the rain from his fisherman's cap and stamping his feet, has been caught and strangled and thrown bruised and battered shoreward, to sway to and fro, to and fro, in the kelp and weeds. She knows all this in advance, and when the stumbling steps are heard, as of men carrying a weight, there is no surprise, no moan, no lamentation, but dignified acceptance. She advances almost with majesty to perform the first office of the sacrament of death—unconquered and unconquerable!

Unquestionably this old fisher wife is one of the grandest figures

in modern, or, for that matter, in any literature. This is no mere incident of local significance. We have here a figure epical and heroic. This aged woman is Life admitting the inevitability of the triumph of Death. It is a figure of Despair that is presented—Despair, not indifferent or rebellious, but fixed, calm, beyond passion, desire, regret and tears. We contemplate no image of grief, such as Mantegna has scratched for us on copper in his marvellous figure of the wailing St. John of The Entombment; not once is there a cry of anger or murmur of dissent. The tragedy of life is accepted, not as commonplace, but as a part of the nature of things. It is elemental, and partakes of the sublimity of the elemental. It almost seems eternal; as though in its fixity and immobility it had risen into the region of the Unchangeable and had become God or, at least, a fixed permanent mood of the Godhead. It is acceptance of the worst; strength to persist continuing. The last enemy, which is Death, has been destroyed. This grim old peasant woman stands erect, unconquered; terrible, not in her defiance, but in her acceptance and survival. She *is* the immortality of the soul; for in her the spiritual will survives, unintimidated by the final stroke of disaster. To attempt quotation from this small but precious masterpiece would be as though one should make a rent in a piece of priceless tapestry in order to present a sample. The atmosphere is everything here. It is all mist and magic.

But Synge has another side to his art; a phase wherein he reveals—as in a series of wild flashes—a terrible subterranean world of uncontained emotion, naked animal ferocity, revenge, jealousy, vanity and vindictiveness undreamed of by those who have lightly accepted the current literary version of the Irish peasant. The wave of ideal creation which culminates in *The Riders From the Sea* has a trough at the bottom of which lies unbared all that is savage, unnatural and abhorrent in the primitive man. This development of his genius we must reserve for our next number.

"THESE HAVING DIED ARE NOT DEAD"

THERE once lived a young man in a certain city noted for its loyalty and progressive spirit. And this young man was proud of the place of his birth, and hoped some day to do a deed or accomplish a purpose that would reflect lustre upon his chosen abode. And he loved his country so vast and virginal. He rejoiced in its jewels of lakes; its dark pine forests; its mighty rivers, pouring in all directions from the ridge-pole of a continent; its limitless prairies, fading for ever into a purple haze; its towering mountains that held in check the surges of the Pacific. There was something in the very name of his land that thrilled him through and through. He was fond of repeating to himself the noble words from the *Areopagitica:* "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation

rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle nursing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

*Now this young man was, as the phrase is, well-born, of fighting military stock. His father had been a distinguished officer, a noted sportsman (yachting was his passion), and after a useful career had passed to his rest, regretted by all. But his mother (a woman of gentleness and literary genius) was left behind, and he had a sister, tall, beautiful and cultivated, and these three lived in the light of each other's smile and were always unhappy when parted. They dreamed of a little Paradise on earth, and, in order to bring it to pass, he perfected himself in his chosen walk, and in a few years saw from the first hard-won ridge the land of Beulah.

And then a frightful thing happened. It was so terrible, so monstrous, so incredible that even yet in recalling it men shudder. It seemed as though the very Cosmos was rent in twain, and that God had left His world. War was suddenly declared on mankind by a group of men who, to the world-lust of a Napoleon and the materialism of a Heliogabalus, joined the last word in scientific knowledge of the art of war.

He went at once, not reluctantly, but joyfully, as to a high sacrament; as who should say "Here am I, Lord, send me!" And tens of thousands—bright-eyed, eager, impetuous—went with him. His mother and sister bade him farewell with smiling faces, and then had it out with God alone. He did what others did—"endured hardness as a good soldier," and wrote cheerfully that all was going on well and that he would soon be home. He was wounded, invalided, recovered and returned to the trenches. His letters still breathed the wildest optimism. Then one black day the fatal missive came, and those who knew him realized that he had passed into that high place where only heroes are permitted to enter and was become of that immortal band who, in the meekness and glory of their sacrifice, have begotten in us who remain the conviction and the assurance of immortality.

> "For Lycidas is dead; dead ere his prime.
> Who would not weep for Lycidas?"

It is indeed curious, but in the High Place of the rose-red heart of love and with the end of existence revealed, the mind of this young hero turned continually to his "ain folk" and to the dear,

*Captain W.A.P.D—, 58th Battalion, C.E.F. Killed in action December 29th, 1917, while his Battalion was holding the front line at St. Emile, near Lens, France. "His comrades will be happy that he lies among them."—Extract from a letter.

dear land for which he had died. He yearned to go back and watch and guard the sacred soil. But there was no going back, seemingly, and so, though his soul was enlarged and his vision purified, a last happiness was denied him.

Now, there was another young man, who was his contemporary, full of lusty life and eligible for military service, and who had been helped to a cheap and sudden fame through the rash deeds of an ancestor. When the war broke out this young man was in another country, in the employ of one in comparison with whom the fabled Croesus was but a starveling. Had he returned to his own country and offered his sword, unquestionably some high command would have been his for the asking and his fame, and even his fortune, would have been secure. But he did not even lift his voice in his own land and urge men to go. He remained away for three long agonizing years, and when at last he deigned to return it was to bear a part in opposing the obvious measures that had become necessary to save, not only the ordered liberty of mankind, but the very lives of men, his fellow-citizens, who were sore pressed in the trenches and nigh unto death and despair. With unparalleled effrontery he offered himself for the Parliament and was ignominiously rejected. With that persistency which is characteristic of men of great vanity and small mental endowment, he kept at his end, however, and at last achieved his ambition. Almost immediately all the malcontents, cowards and separationists who, so long as the flame of patriotism burned high and pure, dared not so much as lift their heads, hurried to the Cave of Adullam and placed their heads between his hands and became his men. "And everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented gathered themselves unto him and he became a captain over them."

Cheered by this evidence of disorder in the Commonwealth, and well knowing that the whole land was distraught and in no condition to reason calmly, he went about making fair promises impossible of fulfilment, to differing groups, and, at last, puffed up by his own ineffable conceit, he dared in a moment of self-exaltation to covet the highest place, save one. He made, however, one mistake—he imagined that the people had forgotten the mingled glory and agony through which they had but lately passed. But they had not. What was largely relief from an almost unbearable tension was misjudged as a change of heart. Over in another land the poppies still bloomed in eternal freshness and a solemn admonition was remembered. The people were not recreant; they were only tired. Those who knew them waited in great patience, knowing that at heart the citizens, when the issue should become clear, would take the side of that liberty for which their sons had died, and not allow the noble unity of government to become the sport of ignorant conceit and class-greed.

One day a bright angel in the High Place came to the young hero, who was sorrowing over the sad plight of his country, and said to him, "God has heard your prayers. Return to earth and save your land from anarchy and disorder. It is the high privilege of heroes to return at times (though invisible to the eyes of flesh) to those regions from which they drew their earliest life. Socrates has often returned to Greece, and has been there but lately; Alfred to England, Dante to Italy. Such, in fact, more truly live on earth as great heroic figures of history and legend than many who sport their little lives in an idle round of uselessness and pleasure. *They are truly alive in the memories they have left.* More than once the mere name of du Guesclin or the Cid or Gordon or Nelson has filled millions with love and loyalty and clothed them with invincibility. Return and wait!"

Now this young hero found himself in a certain place where was enshrined the Wand of Power, and there he stood on guard. He was but one, and as he looked abroad he saw another advancing with bold strides and a confident mien; and behind him was an army, that was not an army, since not one of all that multitude carried himself with military precision or wore the insignia of heroism. Then he knew that none of those men had ever faced death in battle, but were of those who delighted in the strife which every true soldier hates—"the strife of tongues."

Boldly, to the blare of many bands and much *confused* shouting, the leader of the host came on and reached forward as though he would seize the wand. But the hero stood on guard and interposed. Again and again the head of the motley host came forward crying, "It is mine! It is mine!" And the mob behind him, without discipline and snarling at each other like wolves, kept thrusting him forward, each one demanding some largess for himself or his group. From time to time as their numbers increased they uttered exultant cries. But still the silent one stood firm. "Who are you," cried the brazen one, "that dares to thrust me back?" And the man who stood on guard with a blood-red flower at his feet—the same that flames in the English wheat fields—replied, "I am memory." "Avaunt!" cried his opponent, "the people have forgotten. It is mine, mine, I tell you!" To which the soldier replied, "The people, misled by folly, selfishness, ingratitude, and choked and fat from a false prosperity, may have forgotten *for the moment*, but God has not. Return to your own place and shrive your soul of its offence. It is not for you, but for one who has earned it and deserves it."

At these words there was a mighty press, and the soldier, who was once alive on earth, began to faint and fail. He cried to the wide spaces, "Help, Lord, or I perish!" Immediately there was as the rustling of innumerable wings, and when he looked again, behold! an army of over fifty thousand strong stood behind him

with swords drawn and divine rage in their eyes. He cast his eyes earthward and he saw, as in a vision, another army made up of men, some who limped, and some who were being led by others, and some who uttered incoherent cries, as of madness, and some pale and weak who spat blood, and around them and about them a nation full of righteous wrath, and their battle cry was, "These having died are not dead."

As the mist vanishes from the flanks of a mountain when the red sun incarnadines the morning sky, fleeing in shreds and patches like wraiths of the night; so the army that was not an army but a selfish and ignorant mob disappeared, and he who led the host passed into an eclipse and shadow and was seen no more of men; and throughout all the land there was heard once again on every street and in every steading the laughter of good fellowship based firmly on brotherly kindness and a good understanding.

CREATING A BOGEYMAN TO ORDER

UNABLE to find an opening for attack in the clear, patriotic utterances of the new Premier, *The Globe* is engaged in the congenial task of sowing suspicion of personal character and appealing to class-hatreds. Just at present, as in the case of Ulysses in the Cave of the Cyclops, its name is nobody. Can anybody tell where it belongs? The public remotely, and the Lapointe-King group immediately, have a right to demand just where it stands in the matter of allegiance. It has flown the flag of "The Jolly Roger" long enough. Where is it heading?—"to what far distant shore?" It is obviously in the sulks with the Hon. Mackenzie King. Ever since the famous Newmarket speech of a year ago, it has observed silence. The loyal Liberals it does not represent; they are safe in the new fold, and delighted with the new shepherd; the Laurier-Liberals it cannot presume to represent, because to do so would mean swallowing Mr. Lapointe's choice—hook, bait and sinker. This it dare not do. It is, indeed, an unhappy predicament.

The real fact is *The Globe* "ratted" too soon. Its perfidy was premature. It thought when it bolted and called upon the people to assemble in mass-meetings that the public would instantaneously respond, and that the loyal Liberals would line up under the Hon. Mackenzie King. It proved a poor prophet. No mass-meetings were called; and when the inevitable happened and the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, worn-out and sick, was forced to yield to the mandate of nature and resign, the country immediately rallied to the call of his brilliant and capable successor. The new Premier is winning golden opinions for his courage, his power of logical presentation and his unconquerable faith in the ability of the Canadian people to meet and solve the many perplexing problems that have resulted from a war that was forced upon a reluctant world.

The Globe espoused the cause of Union Government in fear and trembling. It was never whole-heartedly in favor of the Coalition, and at the first opportunity left the fleet and started out on a career of political piracy. Had the real choice of the English-speaking Liberals—the Rt. Hon. W. S. Fielding—achieved the leadership, as we are afraid he expected to after leaving the Government, all would have been different and the old battle-cries would even now be resounding from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But, as we all know, he was turned down—a fine reward for a life-time of devoted service! Last session Mr. Fielding came out flat-footed for Protection, and for Protection with teeth in it in the form of his own anti-dumping clause. As *The Globe* is, in fits and starts, for Free Trade, the former Finance Minister is presumably out of favor with the obscure individual who is the virtual proprietor of this organ. Who remains?—for it must have someone in view—the Hon. Geo. Graham? Mr. Ernest Lapointe? The Hon. Mr. Crerar? The good Lord alone knows. *The Globe* doesn't.

It is a most extraordinary situation, and a perfect exemplification of the evils that flow, even in the case of a newspaper, from a policy of premeditated hypocrisy. If *The Globe* would "boom" the Hon. Mackenzie King we should, of course, know just where it stands. If Colchester had gone as it expected, as it hoped, all might have been different; but Colchester went nearly two thousand the other way, and St. John was a landslide. The truth is *The Globe* is "waiting for something to turn up." It is whistling down the wind for a leader; but so far has been unable to call up any congenial spirit from the "vasty deep." Not knowing its own mind, or the mind of its party, it falls back upon coarse personal abuse of those whom we prefer to call the Unionists. It has apparently, out of mere wantonness or chagrin, openly aligned itself with the disrupters of national unity. It has set for itself the congenial task of avoiding fair argument, eschewing constructive logic, "side-stepping" undeniable facts, and fastening upon vituperation and abuse as the means of regaining its lost *prestige*. At present all it is leading are the echoes of its own drum. The editor of *The Globe* is the self-appointed generalissimo of a phantom army. The Liberal host seems to have moved away or to have got lost. MacKenzie, Blake, Cartwright, Mowat—sturdy British-Canadians and fervid loyalists!—are now represented by Mr. Dewart and the Hon. Mackenzie King—

> "Two minds with but a single thought;
> Two hearts that beat as one."

We are gravely told in the issue for September 25th that the Prime Minister is "the most sinister figure that has appeared in public life since Confederation." He is also called "Little Arthur."

Arguments other than these nonsensical phrases there are none. The Prime Minister, to be sure, is not a Falstaff. We should say that he is *just about good fighting weight.*

Now the only sinister thing about the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen is that he upset *The Globe's* apple-cart. For months before it finally bolted it had been slinking in the shadow of the wall, like an assassin, ready at a given signal to strike what it intended for a deadly blow. The stroke failed, and the poisonous dagger was wrested from its grip and hurled into the gutter. Thereupon it fled, and it is still fleeing—it knows not where.

Those who have had the pleasure of listening to the Prime Minister know that "sinister" is the very last word to apply to him. A sinister man never shows his hand; uses dubious phrases; prevaricates, intrigues to an evil end. Now the speeches of the Prime Minister are singularly lucid. He is a born phrase-maker. You may disagree with him, but you cannot misunderstand him. He cuts down to the tersest Anglo-Saxon, and is very sparing of rhetorical climaxes. His will is a straight sword, clean-forged, for use. It is his simplicity, his total lack of "side," that charms. Yes, he is a most dangerous man—to hypocrites, foes of constitutional progress, violators of law and order, Adullamites, wild-eyed anarchists, insidious foes of Canada and the Empire; but he is a source of strength and inspiration to all those who see in a strong central government (one and indivisible) and a reasonable protection against powerful competitors the only security for the country they love.

The Prime Minister began his sinister career by being born of clean, healthy, God-fearing stock in the country. With amazing effrontery he put himself through High School. Intent on further evil he went forth and taught the youth of the land, and, having earned a sufficient amount, he had the audacity to aspire to a college career. He went even further in crime; he got through law. Still insatiable—and nothing shows the audacity of the man more than this!—with only love and courage as capital he took to himself a partner in his dark designs and got married. His iniquity perhaps reached its climax when he wrested a seat from a Liberal—a seat which he still holds. His course has been simply nefarious. He wickedly became Solicitor-General at an early age; passed into the Cabinet; confined himself to hard, thorough work (the devilish subtlety of it!); toiled, sometimes twenty hours a day, in behalf of the returned soldier, and passed into the position of Prime Minister *because he had earned it.* Was there ever such a career of crime in the history of the world?

As far as it is possible to make anything out of the wild denunciations of *The Globe*, the mental attitude of the Prime Minister may be described as follows:—He stoutly opposes the spirit of dis-

ruption and anarchy which is abroad; therefore he is the arch-disruptionist and anarchist. He is in favor of a complete and perfect understanding with Quebec; therefore he must be considered as a sower of sectional strife. He is in favor of a government of general expression; therefore he is trying to antagonize the whole population, with the exception of those Tories (if there are any left) whose mental attitude may be described as "distrust of the people qualified by fear." The members of "The Trades and Labor Council," who utterly misrepresent honest labor (see *The Star*, September 3rd); the Bolsheviks who took Winnipeg by the throat and instituted a reign of terror; the advocates of group-selfishness; the Socialists, who would destroy personal freedom and reduce us to an economic "lock-step"—are just so many simple Bottoms the Weaver, who mean nothing by their threats, but "would roar you as gently as any sucking dove." That is, black is white and white is black, and decent, loyal, law-abiding men are now called upon by the editor of *The Globe* to consider these dangerous fanatics as "earnest and misguided men." We would advise the gentleman who penned these precious articles to introduce his premises to his conclusions, as they are evidently not acquainted with each other.

Yet one thing is clear in all this balderdash. What *The Globe* is clumsily trying to do is to drag the decent, liberty-loving working men (the vast majority); the sane farmers, who are angry and ashamed at being bracketed with the radical-socialist-labor group; the genuine social progressives, who substitute sacrifice, service and a sound understanding, based on actual study and experience, for impossible, mocking utopias; the loyal Liberals who obeyed the mandate of conscience and honor into a corral, with all the malcontents; flouters of constitutional methods; insidious wreckers of Empire; advocates of property spoliation *for the single purpose of confusing the issue.* "See," exclaims this writer, "how the Prime Minister classes all good men with the bad in order to beget fear and suspicion in the mind of the average voter." It is a lie. The genuine farmer, the sane labor man, the lover of true freedom, the advocates of constitutional government, the traditional loyalists, the believers in Canada's mighty, looming destiny have no better friend than the strong, clear-headed, open-eyed patriot who, now firm in the saddle, is leading a young nation along the path of true progress, security and honor. But *The Globe* must have its Devil, and, apparently, he must be a man of settled convictions, a loyalist and a gentleman.

It is the logic of the Prime Minister that hurts. The bludgeon never yet had a chance against the rapier. He slays in a sentence; he annihilates in a paragraph. In the emotional sense he is not an orator. He is better: he is a convincing speaker. He holds his

audiences by his candor, his logic, his facts. "Ah! there's the rub that makes calamity of so long life"—for his opponents. A new era has dawned in political discussion, and *The Globe* does not realize it. Men now want the naked truth. They are sick of the old partisan abuse. They realize that the times are perilous, and that a courageous facing of the situation is the only alternative left. In the good sense all sane men to-day are conservative.

Just at present *The Globe* is an organ without a party. The U.F.O. has rejected the Laurier-Liberal overtures; the Labor Congress at Windsor censured the group of "so-called" Labor representatives at Toronto and repudiated the radical elements; the loyal Liberals and Conservatives have come together in a spirit of high patriotism; the Crerar U.G.G. *bloc* refuses sullenly to play "kiss in the ring" with any other group in Canada. There remain the unsettled Liberals and the Quebec contingent—young, clever and, we believe, patriotic—whose real alignment should be with the big men of the historic groups. *The Globe* is certainly not *their* organ. These aside, we have Mr. Hartley Dewart and the Hon. Mackenzie King and their bewildered following. But both these men are anathema to *The Globe*. All it represents is "a banquet hall deserted." The ablest men in Canada to-day, beyond dispute, are in the National Liberal and Conservative party. They know the ropes; they have been tried in the fires of war; their patriotism is of no uncertain quality. Who is there to substitute for Meighen, Foster, Calder, Ballantyne, Guthrie, Sifton, Wigmore, Drayton? Here is a list! Lapointe, Mackenzie King, Dewart, Crerar, Drury. Graham and Fielding are silent. Significant!

When the Rt. Hon. Mr. Meighen sweeps the country in the interests of sound progress and settled order the long and utterly indefensible isolation of Quebec will be ended and an era of great happiness and prosperity will dawn on our land. Nothing is more certain than that the interests of Ontario and Quebec are identical and are bound up in the maintenance of Protection. It is a matter of financial life and death to them. These two great Provinces are the twin bastions of Confederation; and no two men in the Dominion realize this more keenly than the Hon. L. A. Taschereau and the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen. Quebec's very life is wrapped up in the maintenance of the British Empire. Her peculiar institutions—which suit her genius—are guaranteed under "The Quebec Act." She, therefore, must have the "right of appeal" to the Privy Council. But her day of isolation is ended. She has stepped out into the sunshine of commercial prosperity, and she now well knows that Free Trade would throw her back a century and reduce her to a mere field of selfish exploitation for vast foreign interests hungry for her natural resources. She proposes to utilize those resources on the spot, and she is right.

The Globe, making a show of fairness, has given some quotations from speeches delivered by the Prime Minister and the Rt. Hon. Sir George Foster. When the Devil "quotes Scripture for his purpose" let it not be forgotten that he quotes Scripture, and that Scripture, being the truth, can take care of itself no matter what the context. *The Globe* should have left these excerpts out, for each one "shines like a bright candle in a naughty world." Here is the Premier's:—

"Looking over the world to-day and then fixing my eyes on Canada I see only two divisions of our people, only two classes in this country. I see, on the one side, those who hold steady, who walk firmly in the middle of the road, who learn from experience, who believe in industry and ordered liberty, who still have faith in good old British institutions and British principles that have made us what we are. On the other side I see those who have given way to prejudices, to class consciousness, to a passion for change and experiment, whose minds are occupied in nurturing suspicion and hostility against other classes of the State. On the one side I see the builders of this country on foundations tried and true. On the other side are those engaged in the cheerful exercise of tearing down. I put the question to you: Are you going to be a nation-builder or a nation-wrecker?"

The attempt to distort the clear utterances of the Prime Minister so as to make it appear that he is fighting as Bolsheviks all who are not of his way of thinking should not mislead a child. He is on the side of all who are on the side of law and order. The spectacle of *The Globe* pouring out unctuous flattery on the disrupters and advocates of violent changes for the purpose of cajoling them into what is left of a once noble movement is not edifying. One thing is certain, they will be lured only to be destroyed. If *The Globe* would come out for uncompromising Free Trade, we might regret, but we could respect. Why does it halt between two opinions? Sir Lomer Gouin and the Rt. Hon. W. S. Fielding have come out in favor of Protection. Does this throw light on its dilemma? Or is Drury and Free Trade to be its slogan?

Finally, we would remind *The Globe* that there was once a great captain whose high privilege it was to shatter the forces of violence and anarchy over a hundred years ago. As mere physical height goes he was small and spare. His name was Arthur, Duke of Wellington. The word "little" is an endearing epithet. It is affection's favorite diminutive. No doubt the "Iron Duke," among his friends and intimates, was frequently called "Little Arthur." The Premier is not a giant in stature, but he is well up to the average height. We would say that he measures up exactly to Canada's requirements at the present hour.

But, of course, a fondness for diminutives on the part of *The Globe* is excusable at the present time—it is living in a diminutive world.

CARMINA

By

James Cobourg Hodgins

MY ORCHESTRA

The south wind is my violin,
The pine-grove is my 'cello,
The tinkling rill my mandolin,
  The thrush my flutist mellow.

The symphony begins at dawn—
  List to their sleepy voices!
Sir Robin stifles his last yawn.
  Now all the grove rejoices.

The rapid roars a lusty bass;
  The forest hums a chorus;
The vireo intones a grace
  For the great feast before us.

The cat-bird mocks; the outcast crow
  Caws from woods dark and eerie—
Poor vagabond, how should he know
  The rapture of the veery?

Now the full orchestra is on—
  Drum, clarionet and fife!
Russet and scarlet, blue and fawn
  Sing, "Oh, the joy of life!"

Boom! and the thunder growls its hate.
  Whoop! and the trees strain hard.
The lightning leaps upon the rock,
  And pounds it into shard.

The kestrel-hawk whirls high in air,
  His shriek blown down his throat.
Through the grey mist the wild-fowl fare,
  Or 'mid the sedges float.

Aha! the sun breaks forth at last!
That's robin on his flute!
The terror of the storm is past.
No breathing thing is mute.

From every grove, from every tree,
And from the perfumed grass,
Prismatic wings in ecstacy
Shower opals as they pass.

The afternoon drags to its close;
Dies in the evening-hush.
A gentle cadence ebbs and flows—
The nocturne of the thrush!

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere, Oh God, Thy wind blows strong,
Tossing the great pines into song!
Somewhere the waters snarl and rage
On outer capes; the calms assuage;
And, in the mirror of the sea,
Is glassed the blue infinity.
Somewhere the stag—wide-eyed, erect—
Stands like a statue antler-decked.
Somewhere the rapid roars in spate:
Its racing waves—mad hounds elate
For quarry of the rocks below!—
Leap, pound the monster blow on blow.
Somewhere the cariboo doth hie
A million strong against the sky:
The musk-ox grunts and shakes his mane,
Wheels quickly friendly copse to gain.
Somewhere the mountains thrust like swords
Into the burning blue; fiords
Wall out the light and shut the sea
In channels dark with mystery.
Somewhere the great plains stretch besprent
With colours of the firmament—
When darkness falls the lean wolf cries
His mournful longing to the skies;
The loon's mad laugh the stillness breaks—
The cliffs re-echo, the air shakes—
One last, despairing cry is given
Like soul damned, sin-cursed and unshriven.
High from the world's roof—eaves adrip!—

The waters seep, gush forth and slip,
Rill seeking rill, until at length,
Bounding along they gather strength:
Each seeks the wide, predestined trail
Gouged by the ice-cap, rent by flail
Of earthquake-Titans, scoured by tides
Of Permian seas: no drop abides
By quiet shores, but, dancing past,
Reaches the ocean tides at last.
From the world's strife I turn to where
God lives as colour, light and air.
I draw fresh strength from nature's store,
And, filled with gratitude, adore.

THE ONLOOKER

A Literary Journal of Independent Critical Opinion on Public Affairs

"The Onlooker" is published every month at 14 Sheppard St., Toronto, by the Onlooker Publishing Company.

Single copies 20 cents. Subscription two dollars ($2.00) per year payable in advance.

Advertising rates on application.